

*E. L. Murray
Jan'y 1884*

THE SACRED

SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Hymns, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.



EDINBURGH :

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

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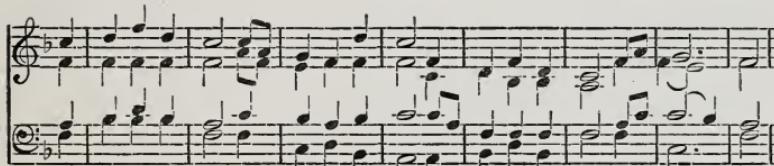
NOTE.—This is, so far as known, the First Collection of Highland Sacred Melodies published, but the vein of such Music has been found so rich and interesting, that if this Publication is well received, a second Part will shortly be added. The Compiler tenders his cordial thanks to all who have assisted in collecting and comparing Tunes.

1—LUCHD-TURUIS NA BEATHA—LIFE'S PILGRIMS.



Nach faic thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuairean that na stuanhan beu - ach?
Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

KEY: f | d d : r : m m : - : s . m | r : d : r m : - : d l : d : l s : - : d . m | r : - : - d : - -
F. : m s : s : s s : - : s . s s : m : s s : - : m d : d : d d : - : d t : - : - d : - -
: d m : r : d d : - : d . d s : l : s : d : - : l f : f : f : f m : - : m : s : - : - d : - -



Tha sonas is sith a lionadh gach cridh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoidh bho chei - le.
But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to seev - er.

: s | l : d' : l s : - : s . m | r : d : l s : - : d l : d : l s : - : d . m | r : - : - d : - -
: d d : d : d d : - : m . d t : d : d d : - : s l : f : f m : - : d d : t : - d : - -
: m f : l : f m : - : s f : m : f s : - : s . m d : d : d d : - : m . s s : - : f m : - -
: d f : f : f d : - : d s : l : f m : - : m l : f : f l : f : f d : - : d s : - : - d : - -

Tha't truaighean aig cridh, tha cruin air an cinn,
Gu binn tha iad seinn le eibhneas,
Toirt moladh is clu dh' Fhear-saoraidh an ruin,
Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

'Nuair theannan iad ri falbh bha'n t-slige dhaibh
dorch,
'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n stóirm a seideadh
Gu' robb ionamdh ni cur eagal 'nan cridh
Bha'm peacanna liomhor etidh.

Chaidh agapadh 'na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,
Is chunnaiad iad glór an Treun-fhir;
Le creideamh 'na ghradh 'na umhlachd 'nan ait,
Iad fein thug iad dha le eibhneas.

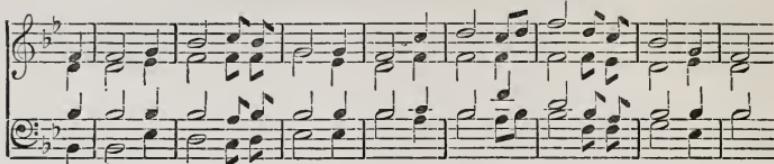
Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,
With sweetest refrain high swelling;
His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,
Their songs evermore are telling.

They set out in fear, their journey seemed drear,
And tempests severe distressed them;
Dire trouble they found, dark night on them
frowned,
And sins all around sore pressed them.

Their terrors were quelled, their darkness dispelled,
God's light they beheld down-pouring;
With faith in His grace, they came to His place,
And fell on their face, adoring.

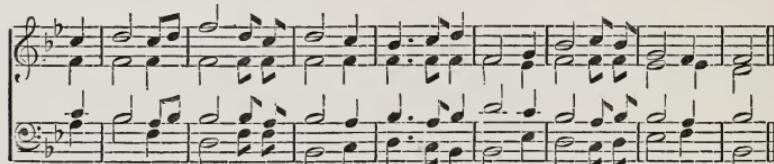
The verses are from JOHN MACLEAN'S "Saorsa tre fhuil an Uain," translated by L. MACBEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodies," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING HAME.



Air dhomh bhi sealtnunn air saoghal truagh Chi mi caochadh tigh'n air gach uair,
In this puir war', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ill moment claim,

KEY: : s, | s, :- : l, | d, :- : r.d | l, :- : l, | s, :- : r | m, :- : r.m | s, :- : m.r | d, :- : l, | s, :- :
: M, | m, :- : f, | s, :- : s, s, | l, :- : f, | m, :- : s, | s, :- : s, | s, :- : s, f, | m, :- : f, | m, :- :
B7: : d, | d, :- : d, | d, :- : t, d | d, :- : d, | d, :- : r, | d, :- : s, | m, :- : d, t, | d, :- : d, | d, :- :
: d, | d, :- : f, | m, :- : r, m, | f, :- : f, | d, :- : t, | d, :- : t, d | d, :- : s, s, | l, :- : f, | d, :- :



Chi mi daoine a cur an eul rium, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaidh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Hame,

: r | m, :- : r.m | s, :- : m.r | m, :- : r | d, :- : r.m | s, :- : l, | d, :- : r.d | l, :- : s, | s, :- :
: s, | s, :- : s, | s, :- : s, s, | s, :- : s, | s, :- : s, s, | s, :- : f, | s, :- : s, s, | f, :- : f, | m, :- :
: r | d, :- : t, d | d, :- : d, t, | d, :- : t, | d, :- : t, d | m, :- : r | d, :- : t, d | d, :- : t, | d, :- :
: t, | d, :- : s, | m, :- : s, s, | d, :- : r, | m, :- : r, d | d, :- : f, | m, :- : r, m, | f, :- : s, | d, :- :

Tha sean is og a dol sios do'n uaignh,
Air lag's air laidir tha'm bas toirt buaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaifh air saoghal flagall,
Ma's time no sian lad, cha tamh iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chach de'n t-slueagh
's mitdhibh dhomhsa gun chur fad nam,
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhi deas gu falbh as
Oir tha'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'nna nuas.

Ach ma's firean thu thui'n am fuisin,
's do'n d'rinneadh prisean al Ti thug buaidh,
Tha 'g iarradhimeachd an ceum na firinn,
Is t' aghaidh direach air Sion shuas;
'S na h-uile cnis anns am bi ort feum,
's e fantuinni dluth ris, fo sgáil a sgéil,
Eheir ort gun giulan thu h-uile cnis diubh,
Nuair bhithreas do shultis ris na dli fhuingh e.

Is ged tha chairdean an so air chuirnt
Bheir e ap aird iad, is gheibh iad duals;
Nuair thig an las theid iad suas gu Parris,
'S bi' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidh Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,
Baith weak an' bauld death will mak' his aini,
In health or sickness, in peace or anger,
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warnin' is this tae 'n',
That I maun never pit far awa'
But ey'e be ready, for this is tellin'
The earthly dwellin' is sun'e tae fa'.

But if we ken the sweet joyfu' soun',
An' ha'e our treasure in Jesus foun',
An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blessin'
Still forward pressin', tae Zion houn',

In ilka trial we ha'e tae bear
We'll nestle near Him, there's shelter there,
For if we trust Him, whate'er betide us,
He'll save an' guide us for ever mair.

His frien's on earth He will ne'er disclaim,
But bring wi' joy a' that lo'e His name,
Frae His dear presence nae mair tae sever,
But share for ever His Lasting Hame.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.

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3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

Solemn expression.

Air meadh-on oidhch' nuair bhios an saogh'! Air aomadh thairis ann an suain,
At midnight, when a slumber deep Has ov - er man and nature passed,

KEY. (m₁) | l₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . t₁ | l₁ : - . l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | l₁ : - .
(m₁) | m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | m₁ : - .
B. (d) | d : - . d | d : d | d : - . l₁ | se | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . d | d : d | d : - . se | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : - .
(l₁) | l₁ : - . l₁ | f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | l₁ : - . se | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : l₁ | m₁ : - . m₁ | f₁ : - .

Grad dhuisgear suas an ciann - e-daoin' Le guth na trom-paid 's airde fuaim.
Mankind shall be awaked from sleep, By sound of the last trumpet's blast.

(m₁) | m₁ : l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - . r | m : f | m : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - .
(d₁) | d₁ : m₁ | m₁ : m₁ | m₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ : - . s₁ | s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - . f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : - .
(se) | l₁ : d | d : d | d : - . r | m : - . t₁ | d : - . l₁ | l₁ : se | l₁ : - .
(m₁) | l₁ : l₁ | d : l₁ | l₁ : - . s₁ | d₁ : - . f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | d₁ : - . r₁ | m₁ : m₁ | l₁ : - .

Air neul ro ard ni fhoillseach' fén,
Ard-aingeal treum le trompaid mhóir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saoghlí gu léir,
Iad a ghrád éiridh chum a' mhóid.
Seididh e le sgál cho cruidh,
'S gu'n euir e sléibhte 's chan 'nan ruith;
Clisgídh na bhios marbh 'san naigh,
Is na bhios béo le h-uamhunn crith.
Le h-oisag dhoinsíonnaich a bhfeil
An sagart'sc reubaidh e gu gárg,
'S mar dhith an t-seangán dol na ghluais,
Grad bhruachdaidh 'n uaigneach a' mairbh.
Moscraigídh na fireannach an tús,
Is dúsgeair iad gu lénr' oisín,
An anamachaí turlingidh o ghloibr,
Gá'n comhlaichadh aig beinil na h-uailgh.
Le aoibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
Ta ham an Slánaighéar orra dlb;
Is mar chraobh-mheas fo lomlan bláth
Tha dreach an Slánaighéar 'nan gnúis.
Ach daoine naibhreach leis nach p' fhúi
Gu 'n imhláicheadh iad-féin do Dhia;
O! faic a nis' iad air an glúin;
A' deanamh uraighis ris gach siabha.
'N sin togaidh aingeal glórnuair suas,
Ard bhriatach Chriosd da'n suainéis full,
A' chrhinnéachadh na ghluais sa' choir
'S d'a fhulaingas rhin dòigh is bun.

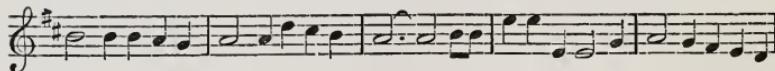
A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.
Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.
This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.
The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.
But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!
Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. P. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.



KEY: 1 | r:r:r|f:-:s|l:-:l | l:s:f|s:-:f|m:r:d|d:-:-:-:d|r:r:r|r:f:-:s
D. { Tha Sion a'seinn co binn's is urrainn, Toirt mile urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air aghaoil nach
 Hark! Sion loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who



{ l:-:l | l:s:f|s:-:s|d':t:l | s:-:-:l | r:r:r|r:-:f|s:-:f|m:r:d
 caochail tuille; 'Se shaor i buileach o'n truaigh; Hallelujah gu buan aig; slugh nam fiaiteas A'
 came to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-



{ s:-:f|m:r:d|d:-:-:d|r:r:r|f:-:s|l:-:f|s:1:d'|l:-:f|s:f|m|r:-:-:
 cuairteach' eathair an Righ, 'S na tennas an t-Uan de'u t-sluagh air thalamh, So'n fhuain ni taris an eridh;
 mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesus, That dear sound pleases them most.

O, 's beag a chaidh luaidh dhe bhuaidhean taitneach,
 Measg slugh 's tu's maisich na cach,
 'S tu's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miamm nan cimeach,
 'S do bhritharan sileadh le gras;
 Is tu meangan cluiteach, ur, dh'has fallain,
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghoilir;
 'S an toradh a ghulainh thu, ma shireas,
 Gheibh Iudhaich 's cinnich le coir.

'Se ghoal a bha siorruidh riaraich sinne,
 Is Dia bli leinne 's an feoil;
 Is cupau a ghoal bhi taomadh thairis,
 'Se saor dha 'n-anam ri ol;
 Tha almhnichean solais, ghilmhor, fallain,
 Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,
 So'm flor-uisge beo chuireas eol's gach anam .
 A dh'olais glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an driuchd, ni's cubhraidh na oladh
 'S o d'Inlanus thig solus is gras,
 'S tha britharan d' bheil mar cheir na mealta
 Teirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slaint'.
 'S tu leomhann treubh Iudah, flur nan gaigseach,
 'S tu duibhse a mach as an uaignigh;
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghoilir 'n an stol fo d'chosailbh
 'S do mhórachd marcachd le bunaidh.

Oh! who can declare how fair and gracious,
 How rare and precious His worth?
 That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
 Weighed down and pressing to earth,
 The Faithful and True, the Dew on Sion,
 And Judah's Lion most strong,
 The Arm of the Lord, the Word most glorious,
 With sword victorious o'er wrong.

The love He bestowed long flowed high swelling,
 For God was dwelling in flesh;
 Those streams full and free that we inherit,
 The weary spirit refresh.
 We joy in Thy sight, Delight of Nations,
 Whose might salvation has won,
 Sweet Star, pure and bright, our night adorning,
 Our Light of Morning and Sun.

We praise Thee, O Lord, adored of heaven,
 Whose word has given us breath,
 Thy greatness is ours, Thy powers unending
 Are towers defending from death.
 O Mighty to save! all favour giving,
 Thou ever-living "I am,"
 Creation shall rise loud praise resounding,
 For aye surrounding the Lamb.

From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

5—LAOIDH MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

D.C.

KERRY: f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - }

C. A Shlánuighear ro ghlor mhor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,
Bu tu fear-stiúraidh m' òi ge, Gu m' threibreach anns gach ball;
O Lord, I sing Thy prais - es, Who art my strength and stay,
My lead - er through life's maz - es, To bring me to Thy way;

f : r . m | f : - . s | l : l | d' : - | l : l | d' : - . d' | r' : d' . r' | m' : - | - }

S nan' d' flag thu mi 'an uair sin, Eu truagh dhomh bhos is thall,
Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,

f : r . m | f : - . s | l : l | d' : - | l : l . s | f : - | l : l . s | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - ||

'S mi cluich air brualaich ains - eibh - inn, Is nach bu leir dhomh'n call!
With heed - less footsteps play - ing Up - on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'fhoillisch thu do gloir dhomh
'S bha mais' guleoir 'n ad ghnuis,
'S nuair thuirt thu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann
Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;
Is grian 's is sgàth do lathareachd,
Is bheir thu gràs is glòr,
'S na gheibh bhi ann ad fhabhoir
Eileir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

Mo charaidh tha, na fag mi,
'S an fasach stiùir mo cheum,
Thoir neart a reir an là dhomh.
Na fag-sa mi 's na treig;
Is nuair ni tinn mo bhualadh,
'S nach dean a slugh dhomh feum,
Dear thus' mo leabaidh suaimhneach,
A' cuinntinn luaidh ort fein.

Nuar thionailneas mo chairdean,
'S an uaigh 'g am charamh sios,
Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,
Gus an la an tig thar ris;
Bi dluth tróimh gileann a' bhàis domh,
"S a ghaol, na fag-sa mi
Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghoilur thu
Fad shiorruidheachd mhor gun chrich.

For Thou, Thy glory showing,
Madest me Thy beauty see;
Thy love has been bestowing
New life and joy on me.
Thou grace and glory givest,
Thou art a Sun and Shield,
Thou only ever livest,
Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,
But guide me as a friend,
And strong in heart still make me,
For what Thy love may send.
When seized by sore diseases,
Which no kind hand allays,
Make Thou my bed, Lord Jesus,
And hear me sing Thy praise.

When friends, with grief high swelling,
Have laid me 'neath the sod,
The grave shall be my dwelling,
Until the day of God.
Through death's dark vale victorious,
Oh, let me lean on Thee,
And let me see Thee glorious,
Through all eternity.

6—AN T-AITE BH' AIG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.

KEY: M | S :- : M | S :- : M | d :- : r | M :- : M | r :- : r | d :- : t | d :- : - :- : M | S :- : f | M :- : S |
E. 2. { Si | nigh - ean Shi - on's fearr dheth, 'i fluair am fa - bhoir mor, Ehi tigh inn as an }
 How blessed Si - on's daugh - ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-

{ d :- : - | r :- : d | d :- : s | l :- : f | s :- : - :- : M | S :- : f | M :- : s | d :- : - | r :- : d |
 fhasach, is Fear a graidh 'n a coir, . . Cha'n iarrainns' tuille fa - bhoir no }
 lov - ed, her nev - er - failing stay! It is the greatest bless - ing for

{ d :- : t | l :- : s | S :- : - :- : M | S :- : M | S :- : M | d :- : r | M :- : M | r :- : d | t :- : r | d :- : - :- : ||
 gras an tir nam beo, . . Ach luidh air uchd an t-Slan'gheir, an t-aít'annsan robh Eoin.
 which I ev - er pray, . . To lean on Jesus' bo - som, where John at supper lay.

Ehiodh am broileach blath sin'g am arach 's bhithinn
 beo,
 Le neart nam briathran grasmhor ri'n iarraidh b'fhearr
 na n-t-eir,
 Ehiodh m'namam air a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,
 'Nuair gheibhinn bhi fo sgall-san, an t-aít anns an robh
 Eoin.

Cha b'eagal lean an tra' sin gach namhaid th'air mo
 thoir,
 'S gu'm b'e do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaint
 's mo threigin,
 Cha sgaradh breath' no bas mi gr brath o ghaol co mor,
 Bha cordan graidh co laidir 'an ait' anns an robh Eoin.
 'S nuair dh'fhalincheas mo bhuailean' s midel thoirt
 suas an deo,
 Cha dean Eigh nan Uamhas mo sgaradhat 's thu beo,
 Nuair bhios mo chridhe failinn 's mi fagail gleann nan
 deoir,
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bli anns an ait' bh'aig
 Eoin.

'S ma dhuisgeas mi 'n a ionmhaigh fo dhion 's an latha
 mhor,
 'S fein 'n a sgáil 's 'n a ghríon domh, 's mi riaraichte gu
 leoir,
 Chaithinnse an t-siorruidheachd's cha'n iarrainn tuille
 gloir,
 Ach suidhe sios fo sgail 's an ait' anns an robh Eoin.

Then would that loving bosom my trembling form
 enfold,
 I'd hear His words most gracious, more precious far
 than gold;
 I'd feed on living bread, and His loving face beheld,
 When laid beneath His shadow where John reclined
 of old.

Nor death nor life could tear me from love so leal and
 long,
 When hidden there I'd fear not the enemy's angry
 throng,
 For then the strength He wieldeth would all to me
 belong,
 And oh! where John was lying the cords of love are
 strong.

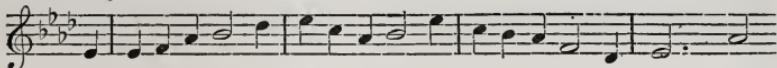
And when my life is ebbing, my earthly journey o'er,
 Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press me sore,
 When passing through the valley whence I return no
 more,
 Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of
 yore.

If I waken in Thy likeness when Thy great day has shone,
 With Thee for sun and shield when the earth and seas
 are gone,
 Oh, this is what my heart would be ever set upon,
 To sit beneath Thy shade in the place Thou gav'st to
 John.

7—AM BAS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

D.C.



KEY: $\text{S}_1 : \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 : \text{d} | \text{r} : - : \text{f} | \text{s} : \text{m} : \text{d} | \text{r} : - : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{f}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{d} : -$
A. b. (Se mo) bheachadh ort, a Bhais, Gur
 brais' thu ri pairt, 's gur teachdaire laid - ir i tréan thu,
 An cog-adh no'm blár Cha toir-ear do shár, 's aon duine cha'n fháir do threig - sinn.
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er fail - eth;
 Where warri - ors fight Thou shonest thy might, To shun thee no flight a - vail - eth.



$\{\text{f} : \text{m} | \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : - : \text{s} | \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{m} | \text{r} : - : \text{d} | \text{f} : \text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : - : \text{f} | \text{m} : - : - | \text{s} : - \}$
 Ach's teachdair ro dhán Thu tighinn os áird, Oir bualaidh tu stataibh's deirc - ean,
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



$\{\text{f} : \text{s} | \text{l} : \text{s} : \text{m} | \text{s} : - : \text{m} | \text{r} : \text{m} : \text{d} | \text{r} : - : \text{s} | \text{m} : \text{r} : \text{d} | \text{l}_1 : - : \text{f}_1 | \text{s}_1 : - : - | \text{d} : -$
 Cha bhacar le pris Air ais thu a ris 'S tu dheasbhuidh an ti mu'n teld thu,
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu's faic iad an scolls' air eigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnimh an oig,
 Mu'm, faodar am posadh eigeachd ;
 Ma's beag no ma's mor
 Ma's sean no ma's og,
 Ma's cleachadh dhuiinn coir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich nd.

A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-againn a' bhaist,
 Gun teaganadh nach paighearr fheich da,
 Tha misneach is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
 Oir 's Athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhantraich fein e ;
 'S e'n Cruitheadh a th' ann,
 A bhein gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

The babe at its birth,
 Ere sorrow or mirth
 It knows upon earth, thou takest ;
 For the maid to be wed,
 Ere to church she is led,
 An ecrisome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error ;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

O Power, from whom
 Our sorrowful doom
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,
 How happy is he
 Whose confident plea
 On Thy promises free dependeth !
 Our Father Thou art,
 The widow's sure part,
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her ;
 All good is bestowed,
 All favour is shewed
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFSSION.

KEY. m | l : l | d' : - . t | l : l | s : - s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : - . }

E7. { O ! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glòir, An t-Ard-Righ mór os ceann gach sluaigh,
O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Above all nations mighty King!

{ l | d' : r' | m' : - . r' | d' : t | l : f. m | f : s | l : f . r | d : t | l : - . }

Cia dàna ni air t-airm ro mhòr Le bilbh ned-ghlan bhi 'g a luaidh!
How dare my lips, un - ho - ly, sing Thy high and ho - ly name, O Lord?

Am beachd do shùilean fiorghlan féin,
Cha 'n eil na resulta 's airdé glan;
'S cha 'n eil na h-aingeal 's naomha 'n glòir,
'An làthair do Mhòrachdha gun smal.

Ach Aon dean thu t-isleachd féin,
A dh'isdeachd cuimhne anns an tìr!
Fo stòl do chois a' gabhail tāmh,
'S nach faic ach sgàile beag do d' ghnùis.

Na lasad t-fhearg O Dhia nan dùl,
Am feadh a dheanam tráigh riut:
'S mo phreachad aidiceamh le nàir,
'S an truilleachd ghràineil anns 'n thuit.

Mo chiont tha mar na sléibhte mòr;
Is leòn iad mi le iomadh lot:
Ta m'anam bochd le 'n eudhrom bràit,
'S o m' shùilidh fasg' nam deura goirt.

Gach uile mhallaichd a ta sgrìobht,
A t-fhacal fior le bagradh teamh,
O Thighearn thou ill mi aig do làimh,
Gu'm biodh iad càrnach't air mo cheann.

Ged d'h fhàs na nèamhan dubh le gruaim,
'S mo bhual' le tairneanaich do neirt
Ged thig thu mi gu ifrinn shios,
Gu slorruidh aidiceamh do cheart.

Gidheadh am feud an lasair threun
A sgòilteas as a chéil an tuil;
Drùghadh orm troimh umhlachd Chriosd,
'S mi gabhail dion a steach fo 'fhuil?

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sith,
'S an tobair ioc-shlaint bhruchd a thaobh,
A bheir dhomh beatha as a' bhàis,
'S o m' thrullaidheachd a ni mi saor.

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
How dim the stars of brightest sheen!
The holiest angels are unclean
Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh ! wilt Thou Thyself abase
To hear an earthly worm like me,
Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
But dim reflections of Thy face?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
When I my sins with sorrow tell,
And vileness into which I fell,
Let not Thy wrath enkindle be!

My guilt like mountains high appears,
That crush my soul beneath their weight,
It has me pierced with sorrows great,
And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

The threatenings and the curses dread
Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
My sins deserve they should be poured
In all their terrors on my head.

Although the skies grew black with gloom,
And all Thy thunders on me fell,
And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
I would admit the righteous doom.

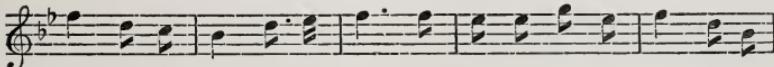
But can that flame that licks each flood
Have any power over me,
If Christ's obedience be my plea,
And I am sheltered by His blood?

Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
In healing waters from His side;
Life from His death shall these provide,
And me from filthiness release!

9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY f. s_i | d . d : l_i . s_i | d : s_i . s_i | d : r ,m | d : - r | m . m : d . m }
B.Z. Is | shad a rinn thu, shaoghal, Mo | shlaodadh mu'n euairt, Mo chumail o'n Fhear-
 O world! thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ s : m . r | d : m ,f | s : - . s | f . f : l . f | s : m . d }
 shaoraidh 's a ghaol fho'ach uam; Nam faighinn-sa de'n ghaol sin Na
 strain me, His love to conceal; If freed from thy de - stroy - ing Re-



{ s : m ,d | r : - . r | d . d : l_i . s_i | s_i : l_i . d | m : f ,r | d : - . ||
 shaodadh mi uat, Bhiodh m' intinn tighinn beo Air a' ghoil sin tha i shuas.
 straints by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Bhiodh m' intinn 's mo mhian
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,
 An oighreachd a thia siorruidh,
 'S a ghlrian tha gun neoil,
 An tobair o'n tig sláint'
 Agus gaideachas mor,
 'S a ghaideann nach faillinn
 'S e Ard-Righ na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,
 Bhiodh m' intinn a' tanbh
 Ann an aros tha shuas,
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheoil
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan
 Ri aon latha mor
 Annas nach comhlaich mi triaugh.

Nam faighinn tuille naomhachd
 Is saorsa o'n Uan,
 'S tuille de 'n a ghaol sin
 A shaor mi o thraigh
 Thaisginn mo chuid bìr
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas
 Far nach goid na meinlich
 'S nach eanach e le ruaidh.

My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

If love to me were given,
 And overcoming grace,
 My thoughts should be in heaven,
 In God's holy place;
 And though in flesh remaining,
 My hopes still should be,
 For that day ever straining,
 That brings bliss to me.

If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

10—CUIREADH CHRIOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.

KEY: d | m : f | s :-d|d : r | m :-f|s :m | f :-r|d :-|- :d | m : f | s :-s }

D. { Tha daoine taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'fhug e ri amh a ghradh, Ged tha iad ciontach,
God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a

{ d' : m | f :-f|m : m : f :-r|s :-|- :s | s : f | m :-s | l : s | d' :-f }

{ callite, truagh, 'Seo truaillidh ole ri each, Tha tagha Dhia 'n a uaigheas mor, Nach
sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To

{ m : m | f :-l | s :-|- :s | d' : l | s :-d | d : r | m :-f | s :m | f :-r | d :-|- ||

{ eol do dhull fo'n ghrein; Cha riaghaith deasmais | e do neach, Ach riachd is soisgeul Dé.
sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chrionsd 'n a fhacal fein,
S' o bheul a theachdair, caomh,
'Nuair ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-ears,
D'ar n-anmaibh falath faoin;
Co daingeant is co dearbh' le chéil'
S' ged leughamaid 'n a uair
Ar n-ainmeana gu leir fa loth
An Leabhar Beath' an Uain.

Theid neamh is talamh thart gun cheisd,
Ach seasaigh facal Chrionsd;
A peacach, eisd r'a chuireadh reidh
S' gabh e le creideannach fior—
"O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon
Ta saothrachadh's fo chlaoi'dh,
A ta fo eallach throm 's fo chuanil
Is bheir mi suaimhneas duibh.

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teamn,
Is ionnsaichibh mo doigh;
Oir ta mi macant' agus min
An cridl' is an cleachadh fós;
Is eirmisidh bhun-nanama truagh
Air suaimhneas is air sceimhlé;
Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh
Is m'eallach astrom seamh."

Christ's invitation, full and free,
By Book and voice conveyed,
When once accepted as our plea,
On which our hopes are laid,
In spite of sin and inward strife,
We may as firmly claim,
As if within the Book of Life
We each could read our name.

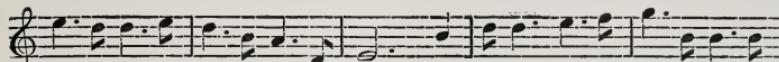
Though heaven and earth shall disappear,
Christ's word abideth sure;
His loving call, O sinner, hear,
And blessedness secure—
"Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
Who labour sore oppressed;
Come, all men's heavy-laden sons,
And I will give you rest;

"Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
The lessons I impart;
My meek and gentle spirit see,
And lowliness of heart;
So shall your souls for ever live,
At rest from toil and care;
For easy is the yoke I give,
My burden light to bear."

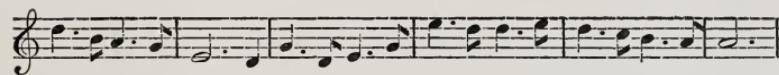
11—FULANGAS CHRIOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: F | **S .S :- | S :- .I | T :- .R | R :- .R | S :- .S | T :- .T | T .L :- | - : T | S .S :- | S :- .S |**
C. Se fulang - as mo Shianuigheir A bhith's mo dhan a luaidh, Mor- irios—lachd an
The sufferings of my Sav - iour I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and meek be-



{ **M' :- .R' | R' :- .M' | R' :- .T | L :- .R | M :- | - : T | R'.R' :- | M' :- .F' | S' :- .T | T :- .T |**
Ard-Righ sin 'N a bhreith's 'n a bhàs ro chruaidh. S'e'n t-iongantas bu mhiorbhullich, Chaidh
haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - seru - ta - ble That



{ **R' :- .T | L :- .S | M :- | - : R | S :- .R | M :- .S | M' :- .R' | R' :- .M' | R' :- .D' | T :- .L | L :- | - |**
Inns riagh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shiorruidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chiochran truagh!
human tongue can name, Th' E - ter - nal and Im-mu - ta - ble A suckling Child became!

'Nuair ghabht' am broinn na h-bighe e;
Le comhnadh Spioraid Dé,
A chum an Nàdur Daonna sin,
A dheanamh aon ris fén;
Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiahdhachd
'S de' ÒBHRIATHAR rinneadh feòil,
Is dh' fhoilisich an rùn diomhair sin,
Am pearsa Chriosc le glòr.

Rugadh 'an stàboll diblidh e,
Mar dhilleachdai gun treoir;
Gun neach a dheanadh cairdeas ris,
No bheireadh fardoch dhò,
Gun mhuimirt bhi 'g a fhuithealachd
No uidheam mar bu chòir;
Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartachadh
D' an dual gach uile ghlòr.

Bha tuill aig na sionnachaibh
Gu'm falachadh o théinn;
Bha mid aig na h-eunlaithe
An gèugaibh ard nan crann;
Ach e-san a rinn uile iad,
'S gach nl' s' a' chrurinne ché,
Bha e fén 'n a fhògarach,
Gum chòmhnaidh aig fo'n ghréin.

Conceived in pure virginity
By God the Spirit's might,
He designed with His divinity
Our manhood to unite;
He took on corporeity
And flesh the WORD was made,
The mystery of Deity
In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
Within a stable bare,
Which He, the Lord of holiness,
With cattle had to share.
No retinue attended Him
In robes of brilliant hue,
No tender hand befriended Him
To whom all love is due.

The foxes had their hiding-place
Where they could safely rest,
The birds their own abiding-place
In tall tree-tops possessed;
But He, whose liberality,
Gave them and all things birth,
Was needing hospitality—
A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DUGALD BUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

12—ORAN MU LEANABH OG—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

KEY: G
C. (Bha mi'm chadal gu blath Ani am fasgadh mo mhath'r, I'g am)
 lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her

{ phasgadh 's a lámh fo mo cheann, Thaining teachdair a bháis, Thuirt gu'n)
 arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To

{ siubhlaina gu'n dál, 'S nach roibh fiureach no tamh domh ann.
 call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide.

Dhuisg mo mhathair le gaoir,
 'S thuirt i "M'ailleagan gaoil,
 Ciod dh'fhairich thu? 'S thairn faoidh thu falbh!"
 Rinn i greim orm cho teamm,
 Cha bhithheadh dealachdaimh ann,
 'S me chridhe cho fann's mi balbh.

'Nuair dhuin iad mo shuil
 Thaing ainglean na ciùrt,
 'S thug iad mis' leo cho lutdh's cho luath;
 Chaidh sinn troimh na glinn dorch'
 Far nach bu leir dhuilibh bhur lorg,
 Ach thaing sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mhath'r
 Meud mo shonas 's an ait' s'
 Bhiodh iad tollich gun fhag mi'n saoghil';
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadhain'
 Gus am faigheadh iad trial,
 Gu co-chomunn ta siorruinn buan.

Tha cuid so gach ait'
 Air ait níos le gràs,
 As gach treubh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,
 Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaol
 Nach robb 'n leithid measg dhaoin'
 'Nuair a bha iad 's an t-saoghal thruagh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl
 Nach teid mhìsgadh le bròn;
 Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,
 Cliu is onoir is glòr
 Do'n ti bha marbh is tha beo,
 A shaor sinne o'n doruinn bhuan.

She awoke with a start,
 Crying, "Love of my heart!"
 What ails thee? Thou art not dead!"
 And she fondled me so,
 She would not let me go
 Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

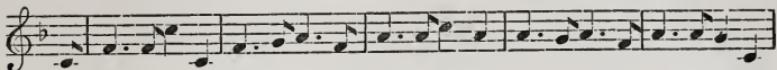
When they closed my young eyes,
 Angels came from the skies,
 And they made me to rise above;
 Oh, swift was our flight
 Through the valleys of night,
 And I now dwell in light and love.

Could my parents conceive
 What joys I receive,
 They never would grieve for me;
 They would long to appear
 With the holy ones here,
 Where such fellowship dear can be;

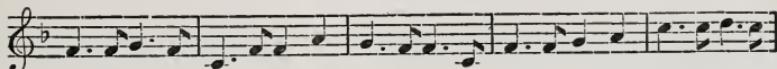
Saints from many a place
 Assembled by grace,
 From each nation and race below;
 And such love in them swells
 As on earth never dwells,
 And pure gladness dispels their woe.

Free from discords of pain,
 We hear the sweet strain,
 Which shall ever remain a new song;
 A new song which we raise
 To our Saviour always,
 To whom honour and praise belong.

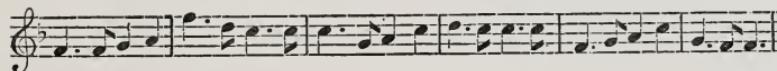
18—MORACHD DHÈ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY. { S. | d :-d | s : s, | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s, }
F. { Co | chuardaicheas do | bhith a Dhè! An dòimhne shluig gach | reusan suas; 'N am oidhir pibh tha
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



{ d :-d | r :-d | s, :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s, | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s }
 { aingle's daoin' Mar | shligeann maorach | glacadh chuan. O bhith-bhuantachd tha thus'a'd Righ 'Sni
 shells that fain Would all the mighty ocean drink. Thou hast been King, O God, for aye; Thy



{ d :-d | r : m | d' :-l | s :-s | s :-r | m : s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m : s | r :-d | d :- }
 { bheil's an-t-saoigh's ach nl o'n dè; O's beag an eachdradh chualas dlot, 'S cha | mbòr do'ghnloin a ta fò'n ghréin.
 history has been lit - tie told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gr neo-ni rìst,
 'S gach ni fa chuaire a soluis mhòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndraign uath,
 'S bhiodh n' cuan ag ionndraign sileadh 'mhèdir.
 An cruthach' cha dean le uile ghlòir,
 Lan-fhoillseachadh air Dia nam feart;
 Cha 'n eil 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,
 Ach taisbean earlais air a neart.

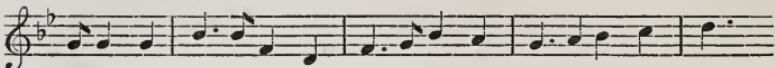
Le'r tuigse thana' s diomhain duinn
 Bhi sgrùdadadh 'chuan a ta gun chròich;
 An litir 's lughadh a' ainm ar Dé,
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'reusan l.
 Oir ni bheil dadum coltaich riut,
 Am measg t'uill' oibre fein gu leir,
 'S am measg nan daoinne ni bheil cainnt
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' fhacal fein.

The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
 This fathomless and shoreless main;
 One letter of God's name is more
 Than human reason can sustain.
 Nought is there like Thyself among
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

14—EARBS' A CHRIOSDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.



KEY. f. l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | d : - . d | s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - . l | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : r | m : - . }
B^b. { Dhia, dean mo phlanndach ann an Criosd, 'S mo chrionach! bristidh mach le blath,
Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



f. m | s : m | r : - . d | r : m | s₁ : - . s₁ | l₁ : d | m : - . r | d : t₁ | l₁ : - . ||
Is bi'dh gach subhaile 's naomha gleus Mar mheas a lub mo gheug gu lar!
Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be, With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Mo smuaintean talimhaidh tog gu nèamh,
Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,
A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile nam,
'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuin,
Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur;
Thigeadh crith-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,
Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'dh Dia do m'anam fèin,
'S bi'dh iad gu léir dhomh 'n cùirdeas gràidh;
Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,
Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios eumhachd ann ad làimh,
Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach ole:
'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dith
Gu slorruidh no gu 'm fas thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' nile mhiann
A'm Dhia tha còmhlaichadh gu léir;
Oir nèamh, is talamh, 's ifrinn shios,
A ta iad do mo Rìgh-s' a' géill'.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
Which shall me from life's terrors save,
And all the horrors of the grave,
And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
Let thunders through the heavens roar,
Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
Dispensing death on every side;

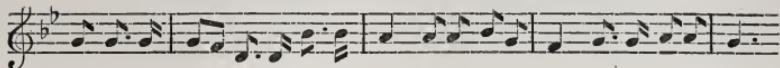
Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
Their friendship I shall then enjoy;
No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
From every ill I am secure,
And as my God can ne'er be poor,
Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

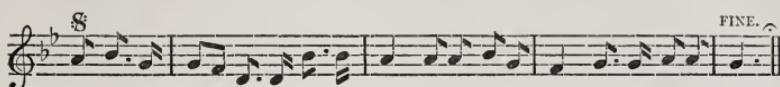
My hope, desire, and fear for aye
Shall in my God concentrated dwell,
For heaven and earth and lowest hell
Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.

15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIHD—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

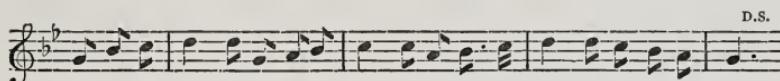


KEY f. *I₁ : I₁, I₁ | I₁. S₁ : m₁, m₁ : d , d | t₁ : t₁. t₁:d . l₁ | s₁ : I₁, I₁:t₁. t₁ | I₁ : - }*
B.N. { 'S e'gradh m'Fhir-saor - aidh a bides 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir dhomh bhi deanamh agus; My Saviour's love shall be still my story. It is my music while here below;



{. t₁ : d , l₁ | I₁. S₁ : m₁, m₁ : d , d | t₁ : t₁. t₁:d . l₁ | s₁ : I₁, I₁:t₁. t₁ | I₁ : - } ||
{ 'O'n 's e' thug coir dhomh lefhlui a dhordadh. Air saorsa ghloirmhor a chloinne fein, 'S nuair theid mi dhachaidha gleann nan deoir so 'Se sud mo cheol anns an tsaoighal chein. He bought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death saved my soul from woe. And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.

FINE.



{. I₁ : d . r | m : m . l₁ : t₁. d | r : r . t₁ : d , r | m : m . r : d . t₁ | I₁ : - } ||
{ 'Se sud an t-oran a bheir dhomh | solas Cho fad's is beo mi 's a chruinne-ché; What can console me when heavy - hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

D.S.

Tha mi an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail
 Anns na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,
 'S ni'n sealladh mor sin de aghaidh ghloirmhor
 Na h-uile bron a chur uam is deur.
 The doimhne's aird' ann an gradh an t-Slanuigh'r
 Nach gabh aircamh no cur an ceil';
 Ach chi sinn moran 'n a bhreith 'n a bhas deth,
 Is chi sinn pairt deth's 'n a h-uile ceum.

Bu Duine bronach air iomadh doigh e,
 O 'n uair a thoisich a thurus sgith;
 Air son a ghráidh thiug iad fuath gu leoir dha,
 'S bha iad 'g a fhoghradh o thir gu tir.
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte
 Chuir e an naire ann an neos-brigh';
 'S le meud a ghráidh dhuinn ghabh e ar nadur
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd is ile.

Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacach Adhamh,
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighear gach ni an aird
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth,
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhachd bais
 Leig e bheatha mhàin, deanamh 'n aird na reit';
 Is chum a bhraithrean a thoirt gu Parras
 Dh' fhuilidh e 'm bas air a chrannta-cheus.

My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him
 When in the clouds His blest form appears;
 That sight most glorious, when I shall greet Him,
 Shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.
 The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,
 Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;
 Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,
 Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,
 The scoff and scorn of an evil race,
 Who for His love with fierce hate repaid Ilim
 As they pursued Him from place to place;
 But such His joy in our soul's salvation,
 That He despised all the pain and shame,
 And to redeem us from condemnation,
 He in the nature of sinners came.

In that same nature that we inherit
 From our first father, all stained with sin,
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
 A great salvation for sinners win.
 To reconcile us His flesh was riven
 From death to save us He came and died
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
 He bore our sins and was crucified.

16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.

KEY. 1 | d' ,t : l : s ,m | l ,t : d' : r' ,d' | t ,l : s : s ,s | l ,s : s : - . }
C. { San t-seann seanchas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaolue b'ainmig an leithid ann, }
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft victor - ious in fields of fight;

.1 | d' ,t : l : s ,m | l ,t : d' : d' ,d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : - . }
 { Le gaisg is cruidal, is creach air uairibh, 's bha'm full co uaibhreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann }
 Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;

.s. d' | d' ,r' : m' : m' ,m' | m' ,r' : r' : d' ,r' | m' ,r' : d' : l ,l | l ,m : s : - . }
 { Gun tuigs' gun chiall ac' mu thimchioll siorr' a'ch'd 's cha chual iad diadhachd bhi fidir ann, }
 But in their rudeness they knew not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,

Bhitheadh eagal morra ro' na bocain,
 'S iad faicinn moran diubh nach bithheadh ann,
 Bhitheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh
 chomhlaichean

Is Moran seolaidean faoin' an ceann.
 An sluaigh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,
 Mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail tamh,
 Gun leughadh, gun urnaigh, gun seinne air clu dha,
 'S b'e sud an dícháin bha measg nan Gáidheal !

A Righ nam Sluagh ! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,
 Bhí sealtaim suas riut ád ionad tamh ;
 'S mar eisd an sluaigh ruinn, a Righ, gabh truas
 'S ar gearan truagh thígeadh ann do lath'r ; [dhiinn,
 O'na tha bu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,
 Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghrás,
 Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin ?
 'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.

Ach c'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn ?
 Cha'n-eil fo'n ghréin na ni dhluinn sta,
 Ach Uan Dé o'n e phaigh an eirc
 Le meud an eifeachd a bh'a n bhas.
 Ma gheibh sinn, sceul air's gun dean sinn feum
 'S gun dean theisdeachd ruini air a sgath, [dhet,
 Bidh sinn fo dhionn theid sinn as o phiantaibh,
 A seinn gu siorrhuidh air olu do ghráis.

With minds in error, they thought with terror
 Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,
 But sought salvation in incantation
 In spells unholy and mystic charms.
 A people careless, profane and prayerless,
 Were like the beasts in the dewy dale ;
 No Bible reading, no praise or pleading—
 Such was the custom among the Gael.

O King of Nations ! our supplications
 Are now directed unto Thy throne ;
 Lord, in Thy kindness, remove our blindness,
 For all our hope is in Thee alone !
 Thou only livest, Thou pardon givest,
 Oh, do Thou show us Thy gracious face ;
 Forgive us wholly the sin and folly
 That dared despise all Thy love and grace.

For God who made us alone can aid us,
 We have no helper but Thee alone ;
 'Tis only Jesus that can release us
 Through the redemption that He has won.
 If we believe Him and so receive Him,
 And Thou shalt hear us through His dear name,
 Thy wings shall hide us whate'er betide us,
 And we shall ever Thy praise proclaim.

From the hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. M. The tune to which it is sung has been noted down for this collection.



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